City Of Refuge

Grant-Lee Phillips

You better run, you better run
You better run and run, and run
You better run, you better run
You better run and run
And run, and run, and run

You better run, you better run
You better run to the City of Refuge
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You better run, you better run
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Oh, when you stand before the Father in a state of shame
Because your robes are covered in mud
When your kneel at the feet of a woman of the street
The gutters will run with blood, they will run with blood

You better run, you better run
You better run to the City of Refuge
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In the days of madness, my brother, my sister
When you're dragged toward the Hellmouth
You will beg for the end but there ain't gonna be one, friend
For the grave will spew you out, it will spew you out

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You better run to the City of Refuge
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You better run

You'll be working in the darkness against your fellow man
And you'll find you're called to come forth
So you'll scrub and you'll scrub but the trouble is, bud
The blood it won't wash off, no, it won't come off

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When you stand before the Father in a state of shame
Because your robes are covered in a mud

When your kneel at the feet of [Incomprehensible] of the street
The gutters will run with blood, they will run with blood

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Run, and run, and run, and run

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